







The LINK

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A Feature Next Month

Marine Routes Under Polar Ice.—The submarine may come into its own as a cargo carrier. Experts plan to go "north to the Orient" under the pack ice of the Arctic Ocean and Polar Basin.

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1952

The island of Cebu is the cradle of European civilization in the Philippines. Magellan landed here in 1521. The Spaniards, under Legaspi, began their conquest here in 1564. On last December 9, Cebu was hit by one of the worst typhoons ever to visit the island.

Miss Sadler, who had come to set up a teaching program for the U.S. Foreign Service, tells what it was like to be in such a storm.

Typhoon Amy Hits Cebu

By Elizabeth Sadler

TYPHOON AMY, rising in the Pacific and traveling with a speed of 120 miles an hour at the center, brought fairly heavy rain to Cebu yesterday afternoon, but little did I dream of what was to follow.

I had been in typhoons before, in Japan, and they were nothing really serious—at least where I was.

But the natives sensed what was coming. They went about tense and uneasy, constantly ejaculating their characteristic “Tsh, tsh; tsh, tsh”—an expression of worry or disapproval. While it was still daylight the hotel employees were distributing oil lanterns.

“What’s the matter?” I asked. “Are you expecting the lights to go out?”

“Oh, yes, Mom, the lights will go out,” they assured me.

About six o’clock the winds increased in strength, grabbing at any movable object. The rain swelled and ebbed in driving gusts. Suddenly the lights *were* out, and the rain began to force its way in around the rattling windows, to

run down the walls and spread in widening pools over the floors. I had letters to write and lessons to plan, but a dim lantern and a small flashlight did not afford much light, and the candles blew out as soon as I got them lighted.

My room boy, Celedonio, came up to the fourth floor, where I am the only guest. If I had any trouble, or needed anything, I was to use the hall phone to call the desk. Was I sure I would be all right, up here by myself? I was beginning to wonder, but I assured him I would get along fine.

“Well, good night, Mom!”—and I watched him and his lantern disappear down the dark hall.

I might as well get to bed. It was about nine o’clock, and the noise was increasing. I undressed in the gloom, and was tempted to let the lantern burn. But the wind was so strong it might cause the tiny flame to start a fire. So I blew it out and took my flashlight inside the mosquito net with me. I lay there in the dark trying to relax and go to sleep. But I could not escape the

howling, growling intensity of the storm, twisting and boring at the windows, trying to pull them out by the very roots. My bed rocked as if I were at sea, or in an earthquake. The whole four-story concrete hotel was swaying from the force of the wind. There were rattles and bangs inside the building, and sounds of havoc outside, audible above the angry roar of the storm itself. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash, accompanied by the sharp cracking and shattering of glass.

I seized my flashlight and scrambled out of bed, fighting free of the mosquito net. Throwing on my robe, I dashed into the hall. My spotlight picked out Celedonio at the far end, coming toward me.

"Are you all right, Mom?"

"Yes, but what was that?"

"The windows, Mom. They blew out. Bad typhoon. Tsh, tsh."

Going on down the hall to the widest part, at the head of the stairs, I saw that several windows had blown out, frames and all. Splintered glass and broken frames lay all about, and wind and rain were driving in. I hastily retreated. And, not knowing what else to do, I got back into bed.

Glass and wood began to give way over the entire building. Some fell inside; more was twisted outward and rang and broke on the galvanized iron roof of the kitchen below me and the cement pavements farther down. One good thing, I thought selfishly: my room is on the side away from the greatest force of the wind. The storm was now a rhythmic, throbbing thing that vibrated through and through me. Comparative lulls were

followed by blasts that boomed and shook the hotel to its foundations. With each blast I heard tearing, ripping sounds and the sharp or dull impacts of flying timbers. Would this inferno ever end?

Rain pounded the iron roof just above my head. It had been splattering noisily in the room across the hall, and now it became a regular torrent. Part of the roof must have gone. Again I climbed out of bed and went to see. Small panes of glass were broken just outside my door, and wind and spray lashed at me in waves. I opened the door of the empty room and saw that water was streaming down from the middle of the ceiling. I had better let the men downstairs know. I lifted the house phone but got no response. I rattled it over and over; still no answer. I would go down and tell them.

I started down the hall, now leaking like a sieve. As I approached the head of the stairs in the pitch dark, I was greeted by flying glass slamming against the opposite walls. It was really dangerous to cross that wet and windy space! Anyway, what could they *do* if I told them water was pouring through the ceiling of Room 415? So I sloshed back up the hall and climbed into bed again. I seemed to be trapped on the fourth floor, alone.

Periodically the galvanized iron roof just above me had been making great heaving, buckling sounds as the wind got under it and tried to wrench it off. You know the sound made by large sheets of tin or iron when they are flexed or waved. Now these huge buckling sounds were intensified. I had been

hearing what must have been roofs torn off houses all about, and now it seemed that the hotel roof was surely getting ready to go. It was not a comfortable feeling.

One of my rattling windows, which had been bolted shut, was torn open with a bang, and I was out of bed in a flash, tearing the mosquito net as I went. The windows are hinged to swing outward, and, once torn open, they are soon gone if left to the mercy of the wind. I fought with the outswung window, trying to pull it to against the force of the storm. After several minutes of extreme effort, during which I got thoroughly wet, I managed to pull it shut and bolt it again. Panting and exhausted, I went the rounds and checked the bolts on all twelve of my flimsy glass windows (in two adjoining rooms), seeing that they were firmly down and turned so that they would not shake loose—I hoped! Then I put on a dry gown and crawled back into bed.

Now the typhoon twisted around and tackled the windows right at my head. They began to strain and shudder harder than ever, and a sudden big blast wrenched them so hard I grabbed a pillow over my head to protect it from falling glass. But somehow the windows held. Then I realized that fine sprays of water were now flying all over my room—from windows and even from the ceiling. The windows at my head shuddered again, and I grabbed the pillow again. It was time to get out of here—the windows and the roof might go at any minute. I would go down to the lobby, where I would at least be farther from the threatening roof.

Besides, I wanted to get where there were people.

I did not even think of dressing. It was time to clear out, and I threw on my robe and started down the hall once more, flashlight in hand. Down at the danger area I paused. It was bad! But it would soon be just as bad in my room, so I waited behind the protection of a wall until there was a slight let-up in the force of the wind. Then I picked my way through the debris and started carefully down the stairs. They were a running stream of water, with an ankle-deep layer gushing over the landing. I held up my long gown and robe to keep them out of the water, and as I rounded the landing I was caught up in a furious blast of air. Then came a thundering crash somewhere below and a simultaneous breaking of glass—a somewhat different tune this time—and I had to fight to keep the wind from lifting



"Your chances for continued employment are excellent."

my clothes straight over my head. Should I turn back?

Each landing was a worse hazard, with the wind and rain much stronger as I got farther down. I might as well be outdoors, I thought. I should have stayed upstairs; it's worse down here. But there will be people somewhere. As I approached the main lobby I was aghast. My flashlight revealed dark, swirling water, with all sorts of debris washing about—papers, books, room keys on long sticks, dozens of small flags belonging to the Lions Club. The wind was stronger than ever, and I realized that the front doors—big, heavy plate-glass doors, four of them—had blown in and crashed to pieces on the entrance floor.

I saw no one, but I had to go on now; I didn't have the heart to climb back to the fourth floor. I waded through the mess and went farther back into the dark lobby. A strange man was leaning on a display case. "Good evening, Mom," he said, as if we were at a party. I spoke and moved on, flashing my light about and looking for someone I knew. But I saw only strangers—refugees from the storm. All were padding about barefoot.

Practically the entire first floor of the hotel is one big room, the ceiling supported by a dozen or so massive wooden pillars, with very large, heavy bamboo screens marking off the bar section, the dining room, and other divisions. Now the screens were blown down, chairs were overturned, wet tablecloths dripped and dragged everywhere. Farther back from the front entrance it was somewhat protected, and, strangely enough, the floor

was only wet, not swirling with water. There must be some sort of pitch to the floor. Most of the windows back here were still intact.

Now some hotel employees spied me, and out of the darkness they fetched me an armchair, which they carefully wiped off with wet towels, and insisted that I sit down.

The storm seemed to be gathering force. One of the strangers said the typhoon was supposed to continue all night, and to reach its peak about ten o'clock the next morning. Heavens! could it possibly keep up that long? Could the hotel last? Could we? My watch said midnight. The storm had been raging for six hours already, with ten more to go. I was wet and getting cold. My feet were soaking. I wrung water out of the bottom of my night clothes, and lighted a cigarette.

Out of the darkness appeared Celedonio, concerned for me. "Are you all right, Mom?"

"Yes. But I should have worn my raincoat," I smiled; "I'm pretty wet." I was thinking I should have put on warm, dry clothes, then my raincoat—or stayed upstairs.

Pools of water kept closing in. As the water would reach my feet I would get up, seeking a better place farther back. Each time the hotel boys would grab my chair, wipe it off with a dripping cloth, and move it to a better spot.

A girl leaned silently against one of the pillars. Soon I made out two small children with her, lying on chairs placed together. Other silent women hovered about, strangers to me, with wet towels over their shoulders or heads. Several quiet children, too, and a number of men.

Sometimes the men stood or squatted beside me, talking briefly.

"This is not as strong as the 1949 typhoon," volunteered one.

"Oh, yes, it is," someone disagreed. "The other did not blow down the front doors."

"The 1949 typhoon was much quicker. Stronger, maybe, but quicker. This is a *long* typhoon, and a twister. Very bad. Tsh, tsh."

"My house is gone. Family lives below me. Everything ruined. Tsh, tsh."

"Listen how old Amy whistles!"

Sure enough, above the constant sounds of havoc and destruction, typhoon Amy had begun to whistle as well as howl. It was not a pleasant sound.

"It is very dangerous outside."

It's not so all-fired safe *inside*, I thought as big hunks of plaster-board dropped from the waterlogged ceiling. And I was cold. It was only twelve-forty-five, I saw. Hours and hours to go yet.

Then up came Celedonio, bearing my raincoat! He had braved the long trip to the fourth floor. I thanked him warmly, then smiled ruefully to myself as I pulled the cold, clammy plastic over my wet robe. This was shutting the gate after the horse was gone!

Talk died down, but not the storm. Everyone sat and sat, listening, sometimes jumping at a specially big crash, hurrying away from newly broken windows. Miserable people with long faces. Couldn't we do something to brighten things a little? I thought of a box of candy—Tootsie Rolls—I had got one of the waiters to put in the icebox. I saw him and asked him if he could get it. He

soon came back with it, and I opened it up while several people gathered about me. It smelled good, but we saw that inside the individual wrappers the candy was literally covered with tiny red ants. I had no appetite for it then, and neither did anyone else. I passed around my last cigarettes, and everyone puffed away for a time. Then we sat some more, huddled in the drenched, wrecked hotel. Would it ever be any good any more? Why didn't these people build stronger houses, when they were subjected to typhoons like this?

I sat there and considered various possibilities for building a typhoon-proof house. I would certainly have different windows—ones that slid up and down. And I would have wooden storm shutters that could be closed when typhoons came up, protecting the glass from flying objects. A piece of wood crashed through a window close to us, and we jumped back again.

The typhoon was definitely gathering force, and it was twisting and spiraling about, hitting hardest from first one side and then another. The building groaned in every joint. A new leak was plopping like pistol shots on the back of my rattan chair. We looked for a place to move to, but there was none. Celedonio came up. "If you do not mind, Mom, it is dry in the kitchen. Please come."

I followed him through a covered passageway and into the big kitchen. My light showed long tables, sacks of rice and flour piled about. And it was dry—in spots.

Here came my armchair, lifted

over tables and deposited in a dry nook beside a sink piled with dirty dishes—the typhoon had cut short the work in the kitchen. Several women stood or squatted in dark corners. One dim shape after another became visible in the gloom. I tried to get an old woman standing near by to take the chair, but she would not. Then I saw empty straight chairs about, so I sat down in my chair, newly swabbed with a dripping cloth. It was dry here—but *I* wasn't. "I should have put on my heavy blue jeans," I said aloud, to no one in particular. I had noticed that the men's blue jeans seemed to turn the water, and they looked fairly dry. I did not even know that Celedonio was standing guard in the shadows. "I will get them for you, Mom," he replied.

"Oh, no. You couldn't possibly find them. And it's too dangerous. But thank you just the same. You are mighty good to me, Celedonio."

He lingered, and I said, "I wonder if my windows have gone yet."

"No, Mom. I went back to see. I go every hour. Last time I moved your things away from the windows."



"Thank you for looking after things. But you mustn't go up again."

"Yes, Mom. Thank you, Mom. I go, Mom." And he was gone.

I wouldn't have thought the storm could grow louder, but suddenly it did. You could hear more in the kitchen, too, because it projected out from the hotel proper, with a roof directly overhead. Dozens of objects at once, it seemed, hit the iron roof above. Stark terror on their faces, the silent women and girls shrank farther back into their corners. Something slammed heavily against the bolted wooden doors right behind me. Oh, the thrills and excitement of the Foreign Service, I thought! . . .

Then in came faithful Celedonio, with something under a wet towel. Proudly he unrolled and displayed a limp, damp dress of mine—a plain gray cotton affair. "I thought this would be best, Mom. Some were too nice."

I was touched by the care he was taking of me. And he had been on duty all day. He must be exhausted, as I was.

I retreated into the pantry to change.

There came a terrific concussion; it seemed to be inside the building. Was the whole thing giving way? Somehow I was not afraid any more. Just darn tired of this everlasting storm, the continued destruction.

I made my way into the hotel proper, shielding my head and face as I went. But I could not tell what had happened. The walls were still standing. Perhaps what I heard was more of the huge pieces of

plasterboard that littered the floor. Perhaps it was something upstairs or outdoors. Dozens more people had sought refuge in the lobby—men, women, and many children. And a frightened dog.

I touched a little boy near me, and his scanty clothes were soaking wet, but he grinned shyly. Everyone was quiet. This was an old story to them, even to the children. Seek refuge from the typhoon, flee from the Japanese, hide from American bombs. There was stoic resignation in their attitude. Not even the babies made any noise as their mothers cradled them in their arms.

At five o'clock—instead of ten, as we expected—the storm seemed to be over, though it was still raining steadily. I would go upstairs now and dress.

When I opened my door, the room was a shambles. Windows were gone, frames and all. The bed was a tumbled, soggy mess. The bureau was drenched, with pieces of wet Kleenex plastered all over it. Pushing heavy boxes and furniture around, I finally located the blue jeans.

After a vigorous rubdown with a dry towel, I put on warm, dry clothes. Then I opened a trunk and fished out some woolen blankets, which I carried below and distributed to the mothers with babies—as far as they would go.

Some tables and chairs had been righted, and at length I secured a cup of questionable coffee, which I drank with other guests of the hotel.

A dozen or more lives were lost in Cebu City, people were injured in large numbers, and millions of pesos' worth of property was destroyed. Six concrete structures, like the Crown Hotel, with walls six inches thick, were completely demolished. The typhoon left no lights, no telephone service, no water. The mud and wreckage were fantastic, and as the days went by the stench grew terrible. And still no lights, no water, no phones.

Then we had word that a second typhoon, christened Barbara, was headed our way! Again rain poured down and drenched the houses, many of them now innocent of roofs.

Someone quipped, "Be it ever so roofless, there's no place like home!"

Mercifully, typhoon Babs swung out to sea and did not visit its full wrath on Cebu, which had been directly in the path of the far from amiable Amy.

Old-timers say Amy was the worst typhoon that has visited the island in half a century or more—the worst and the longest.

Amy took her toll, also, of thousands of refugees from the tiny island of Camiguin, which the volcano Hibok-hibok had just laid waste.

It will be years before the typhoon's scars are healed.

Now the busy sound of hammering fills the air. And the people are rebuilding the same flimsy houses, with the same flimsy, vulnerable windows.

LINK LINES

by J. A. Lacy

GI DIPLOMACY

ANOTHER WAR is developing alongside the Korean struggle. Frank Laubach calls it "war for the friendship of the world."

GI's, it seems, will decide the issue in both contests. For the uniform of the United States tags them plainly as Americans. A civilian abroad may act shabbily without immediately hurting American prestige. Not so "GI Joe" and "GI Jane." They, even more than ambassadors in tails and toppers, stand for this nation in the eyes of other peoples. They can win—or they can lose—this greater war.

Thousands of servicemen are winning friends for America now. When the Chief of Army Chaplains recently returned from the Eastern battlefield, he reported: "Everywhere we went we saw or heard of things our troops had done or are doing for the orphans, the homeless, the hospitals, and the churches. . . . The treatment prisoners of war are receiving is something that cannot be overlooked or forgotten."

As he walked through a prison hospital he said: "These POW patients certainly get good care."

The medical officer was quick to reply: "Chaplain, they get the same professional care and treatment you would get if you were a patient in this ward."

Between 70 and 80 per cent of the prisoners have signed petitions asking that they not be sent back to Communist-dominated countries. "To show their sincerity,"

Chaplain Parker says, "they have signed these petitions with their own blood."

But if thousands of servicemen are now winning friends, and even destroying enemies by turning them into friends, there are others who are losing the diplomatic war while winning the military struggle. In the long run their conduct may cost this country more than the present budget for defense.

The greatest weapon in the war for world opinion must surely be courtesy.

Courtesy rules out bragging. When the English lady asks Joe what he thinks of England, he won't answer, "Aw, cheese it, I can't wait to get back to Brooklyn!" Nor will he remind the Japanese that their manufactured goods are inferior.

Courtesy affects the use of money. Spendthrift waste can only rouse resentment among people who have less. Better to live more simply and send more to the bank back home.

And courtesy can help solve the sex question. For sex is not just a subdivision of the general subject of health—as one might gather from the briefing by some medical officers. It is so intensely social that consideration of others must govern here if anywhere.

Santayana spoke of the larger reaches of conduct when he said that our life is animal in its origin and spiritual in its possible fruits. Only spiritual fruits can capture the hearts of mankind.

For good or ill, GI's are ambassadors of this nation—and, if they are Christian, ambassadors for Christ.

THE EDUCATED HORSE

by WINONA NICHOLS



COBB CENTER is like any other small town; everyone is interested in everyone else's business. So when Buck Sampson and Jeremiah Hooker started courting the newly arrived dark-haired widow, we were bound to know and take sides. But those on the losing side forgot to count the educated horse.

The first time Kathleen Donahue showed up at extension meeting in her plaid shirt and new dungarees, the assembled "gentry" nearly fell off their folding chairs. They knew a woman had inherited Old Man Donahue's farm, but they expected one of the usual run of bony, hard-bitten females who run farms alone. Surely this sparkling-eyed Venus wouldn't know anything about farming.

Kathleen stood hesitantly in the doorway and surveyed the group.

The men were as embarrassed as she was and slid their feet along the gritty floor.

"Is this the meeting on soil conservation?" she asked, and the words stuck in her throat like a boot in a quagmire.

"I believe it is," a voice said laconically.

Feet stopped shuffling, and Jeremiah's Adam's apple popped like a cork as he swallowed in his astonishment. Buck Sampson turned on his most dazzling smile, and we all waited for her explanation. But the first step had been the hardest, and there was less suction and more traction as her next words rolled over the room.

She lifted her head in the same proud way a prize Hamp pullet will do when she realizes her worth, and her eyes swept the all

male gathering. She said, "I'm trying to run a farm, and, frankly, I don't know a thing about it."

She relaxed then and gave everyone a sample of her heartbreaker, as we later named her slow, left-sided smile that could light the corners of even the gloomiest room.

Now there's nothing like a beautiful woman to put men back on their heels, and that meeting turned out to be the best we'd had for years, what with every man trying to outdo the others. And with fifteen men putting their best foot forward—well, you can imagine the information she received.

It was evident to everyone that Kathleen was a little lost in her role of "farmerette"; and none was surprised a few days later to find Buck Sampson courting attendance and making a big noise, and Jeremiah Hooker running around on the outside as usual picking up the stray kernels Buck left. A gentle plodder like Jeremiah would have a tough time competing against a sturdy Angus like Buck.

Buck was full of self-assurance and ambition, with a line of malarkey a yard wide—the kind that shrinks to half its size when it's sloshed around in hot water. He always had the biggest and best of everything. His cows gave the most milk; his hens lay such large eggs they wouldn't fit into the cartons.

There are those who said it warn't the widow he had his eye on but her nice piece of property. But most of us were willing to give him the benefit of the doubt and figure he loved the widow for herself alone—even with slight complications in the shape of a five-year-old son, Tim.

To say Buck was surprised to find a miniature Tom Donahue around is putting it mildly. It mowed him flatter than an oats field after a hailstorm. But Kathleen's summery smile convinced him he could stand the kid for her sake.

How gentle "Squire" Hooker, as Buck sarcastically called Jeremiah, ever got a corner in on that deal does beat all. He was a short, bandy-legged guy with a balding head. Buck nicknamed him Squire because he spent a year in college before returning to carry on the farm after his father died. Buck had no use for books—he bragged he could get all he wanted with his muscles.

Life settled down to a peaceful jog, with Buck courting the widow to Grange and extension meetings, and the Squire doing odd jobs and errands for her in town and carting the kid around, for Tim took a liking to the Squire.

One day Squire Hooker drove into Kathleen's with a squealing, grunting bred sow in the rear of his truck. A present for Tim.

"For Tim?" Kathleen was bewildered.

"He says he'd like to be a farmer and raise animals too," Squire explained as he backed the truck up to the unused pigpen. "I told him I'd let him have the loan of this sow till the litter comes. Then I'll have my sow back, and he can keep the little ones."

Kathleen had her pride and not much else, for everyone knew she inherited the farm with very little stock and a defunct bank account. But when anything is put as nicely as that, you can't refuse.

Of course Buck couldn't be out-done by a pipsqueak like the Squire. But Kathleen's principles came to the fore, and Buck was slightly miffed when he offered her a half dozen lambs and she refused. "If you accept the gift, you always feel beholden to the giver," she said. If the Squire was slightly pleased with this turn of events, he didn't let on.

Both men happened to be at Kathleen's the day her work horse took sick and died. I heard tell it was really something. Kathleen crying over the horse and lamenting she couldn't stand the price of another and what should she do.

"You can take my work horse when you need him," Squire offered. "I don't use him much anyway. He's like part of the family, and you don't get rid of them even if they are old and nearly useless."

"I couldn't do that, but you're kind to offer him."

"I've got a better idea." Buck's chest expanded a full six inches. "I'll do your work with my tractor and attachments."

"No, thank you," Kathleen said firmly. "I don't want to be beholden to anyone. I prefer my own horse."

"Then what can you pay for another horse?" Buck asked.

Kathleen did some quick figuring and announced, "Seventy-five dollars."

"Whew, you can't even buy two front legs for that," Squire said.

"Now maybe we can," Buck was pretty thoughtful. "I know a Frenchman over at Valley Creek who might have a horse he'd sell for that. I'll take you over if you want to go, Kathleen."

Ten minutes later they rode out of the yard in Buck's new pick-up, and Squire was left to bury the deceased. If he was ever bitter about his end of the deal, he didn't show it.

When the new horse came, about all that could be said for it was that it had four legs, but Kathleen was pleased. The Squire was pretty busy the next few days and didn't see much of her. One day she called up in quite a stew.

"This horse won't do what I tell him to!" She seemed agitated and cross.

"Maybe you don't know how to handle him," Squire soothed.

"He should handle like any other horse," she fussed.

"Maybe not. He's only a seventy-five-dollar horse, and he's probably got seventy-five dollars worth of training."

The receiver slammed down on the other end, and the Squire was alone with his thoughts for a few more days.

I'm not saying he planned what happened next, but it strikes us all as mighty peculiar. It wasn't long after that before Kathleen called again.

"If you want your sow alive, you had better get over here fast!"

"What on earth is the matter?"

"She's stuck in a mudhole, and I can't get the horse to back up," her voice trailed off in a wail.

"Get Buck to do it."

"Buck? He doesn't know a 'gee' from a 'haw' with this horse!"

"I'll meet you at the house." Squire hung up and scratched the top of his head with a toothpick.

The sow, Kathleen told him when he arrived a few minutes

later, had escaped from her pen and wound up in a mud-bottom pond in the woods.

When they walked up to her, Buck was standing with a rope wound around a tree, using it as a sort of winch, and the pig was squealing on the other end of the rope.

"What's the matter, Buck? Can't you pry her loose?" The Squire stood looking at the sow.

"It'll take a derrick if we can't pull her out pretty soon," Buck said wrathfully.

The Squire turned to the horse. "Why don't you back her up and hitch the rope to the wagon?"

"She won't back! Darn the

Frenchman who sold us that horse!" Buck strained on the rope.

Maybe the Squire is psychic, and maybe it's because he's had more learning than Buck; but he gave a short command, grabbed the horse by the halter, and the horse backed up as neat as you please.

"How'd you do it?" Buck gasped as they hitched the rope to the wagon and hauled the sow out of the mud.

"Pure case of know-how," Squire said nonchalantly.

Today there's a new master at the Donahue place—a man who knows enough to speak French to a Frenchman's horse!



Baseball Bits

Did You Know—

That in the early days of the game, baseball umpires sported high silk hats, Prince Albert coats, and canes?

That Cal Hubbard and Hank Soar, American League umpires, once played pro football with the New York (football) "Giants"?

That the Boston "Braves" are the only team in the National League that the New York "Yankees" have not faced in World Series competition?

That the St. Louis "Cardinals" were called the "Browns" once upon a time?

That Bob Feller, of the "Indians," struck out eighteen men in one nine-inning game in 1930—a record? (His "victims" were the Detroit "Tigers.")

That the Cincinnati "Reds" were once expelled from the National League? (The year was 1881; the reason, ignoring the league's ruling that the club stop selling beer to the fans in the stands!)

—JOSEPH C. STACEY

The Wonder State of Arkansas

By Mayme Hollensworth

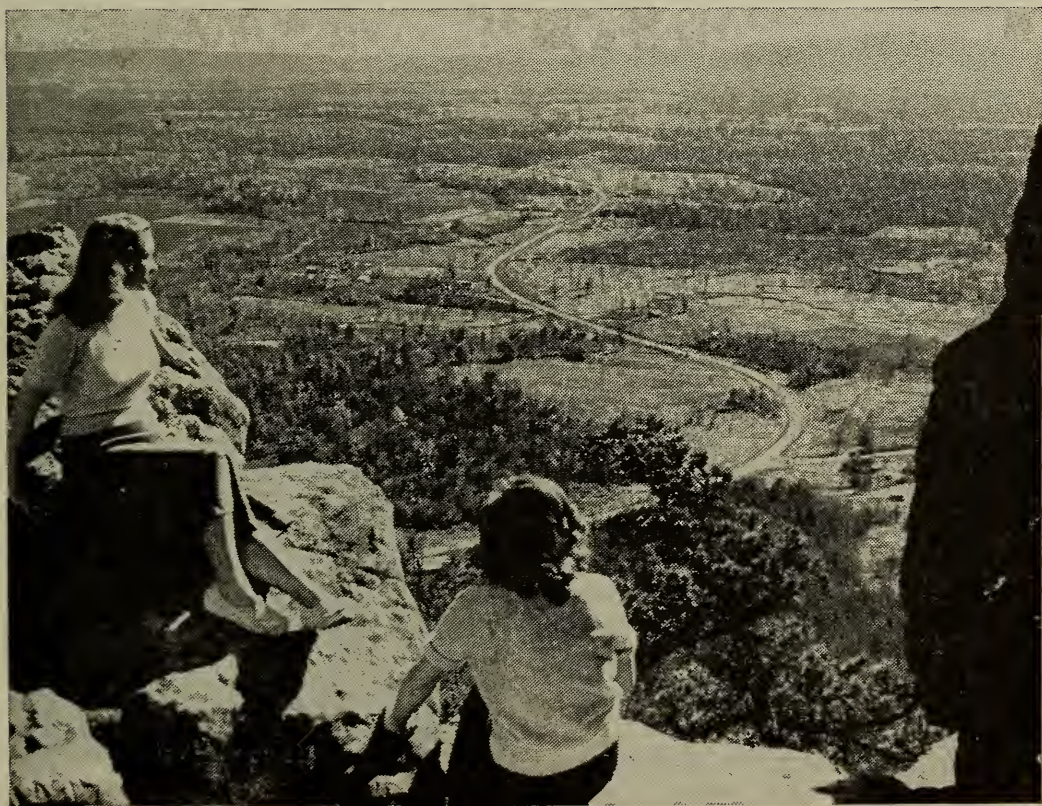
NOT TOO FAR from anywhere—Arkansas. And, contrary to a general slow-train-through-Arkansas belief that existed until a few years ago, roads are good and scenery is gorgeous!

There is, in this wonder state, a little bit of everywhere. Driving around the mountainsides of the beautiful Ozarks, the traveler may see, from the heights, a picturesque village that is called Eureka Springs but that has all the air of a delightful Swiss town. One of the leading hotels in this village boasts a ground entrance from each of its seven floors! Eureka Springs

is the adopted home of Marge Lyon, who, after trekking all over the state in her jalopy, wrote *Hurrah for Arkansas!*

Better known than Eureka Springs is the famous resort Hot Springs. Here the United States Government maintains and supervises Hot Springs National Park.

This is the place that Ponce de Leon must surely have dreamed of finding! The weary traveler has only to saunter down Bath House Row, choose one of the many bath houses, enter, and emerge a few hours later feeling as if he had indeed stumbled upon the fountain





of youth. An invigorating yet relaxing bath in this strange, medicinal water that comes from the ground steaming hot; a massage by expertly trained hands; and life is renewed.

Hot Springs is a place set apart! It has everything to offer. The breath-taking scenery brings to jaded eyes a feeling of being near to God. Beautiful Lake Hamilton and Lake Catherine woo the sportsman with promise of a fisherman's paradise. Swimming, golf, and tennis are available too. So if you visit the famous spa in early spring, you can either take advantage of the full round of sports or else sit on a mountainside, in a relaxed and unhurried world, sniffing honeysuckle and gazing at majestic pine trees.

One of the most beautiful buildings in the entire South is the Army and Navy Hospital in the heart of Hot Springs. Visitors with relatives in the hospital are within walking distance of it from hotels or tourist courts. The hospital is recognized the world over for its beauty of architecture and complete equipment.

In the university city of Fayetteville, which is still in the Ozark

region, there is a veterans' hospital; and, driving down to the capital city of Little Rock, the traveler may well be amazed at the beauty of the new veterans' hospital which has recently been dedicated there.

Other popular vacation spots in Arkansas include Petit Jean Mountain. The "Point" at the south end of this mountain commands a magnificent view of the winding river and rich farm lands of the Arkansas River Valley. Cedar Falls, in Petit Jean State Park, is visited each year by thousands of tourists.

An Arkansas travel article would be incomplete without a mention of Lost Valley in Newton County. In addition to numerous beautiful falls along a thousand-yard stretch of the valley, there are two vast caverns, one virtually unexplored and the other containing one of the tallest subterranean waterfalls in the world.

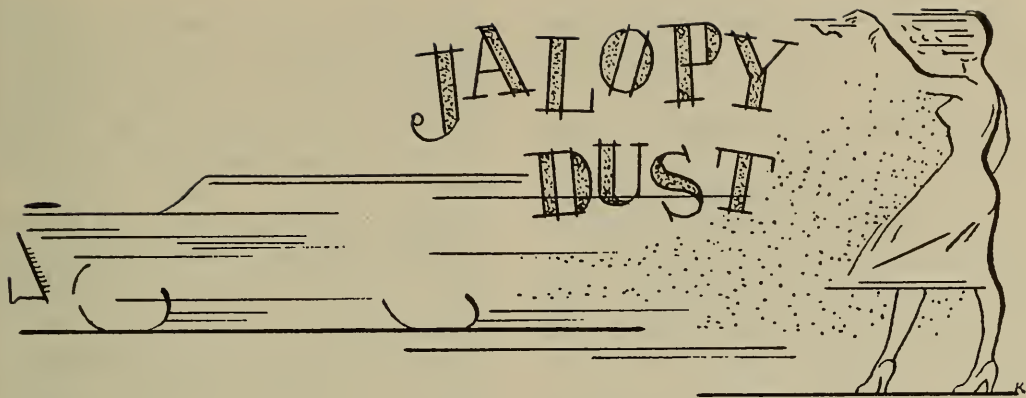
Duck hunting? Arkansas County, Arkansas, with its extensive rice acreage that looks like a small slice of China, boasts that every hunter gets his limit. From this area also, White River fish are sold all over the world.

With all its beauty, resources, and possibilities, Arkansas is the wonder state indeed!



Hot Springs Army-Navy Hospital

JALOPY DUST



By H. O. Austin

THE feudin' between old Hot-Rod Nixon and me really started shaping up one Sunday evening about a year ago. I had taken Barbara up to Los Angeles for the day in my 1939 sedan and was ambling down Highway 101 just south of Long Beach, headed for San Diego. I'm a cautious sort of fellow, to be a marine; so I wouldn't have been going more than fifty-five if I'd been in a hurry—which I wasn't. As it was, I might have been doing forty, or maybe forty-five. Early Monday morning would find me marching a batch of raw recruits up and down the Marine Corps training station. But Monday morning was a long way off, and Barbara and I were just taking it easy, enjoying the scenery as we went along.

All of a sudden I heard a roar alongside my open window, and something passed us as if we'd been going backward. A stripped-down, overpowered, murderous-looking vehicle cut in so close in front of us that for a moment its nickel-plated exhaust pipes were under our front bumper. Then it shot

ahead again, passing the next car with two wheels in the right-hand ditch. It must have been doing seventy-five, but before it got out of sight Barbara perked up and squealed, "Why, that's Steve! He's got a new car!"

"I noticed it was Steve," I said, "and it doesn't look like he'll have a new car long." I'd been carrying the torch for Barbara for a long time, but she could still set my teeth on edge once in a while—especially by mentioning Steve Nixon, her onetime escort to southern California sports events.

"Don't be an old fogey," Barbara said.

Steve Nixon used to be a hot-rod artist of the first water and took pride in looking the part. He was a little younger than I, but about my size—maybe five-nine; about a hundred and sixty pounds. He had yellow, wavy hair and wore it three inches thick all the way down to his collar. Picture him wearing a fancy leather jacket the year round, no shirt, skin-tight denim pants turned up a foot at the bottom, white socks, and bedroom slippers

—and you have Steve Nixon the last time I saw him. I haven't seen him lately.

As Barbara and I pulled over a hilltop on Highway 101, I began to realize that Nixon had more on his mind that day than run-of-the-mill hot-rod fever. There he was, not a hundred yards ahead, just loafing along the edge of the road with his bleached hair floating in the breeze off the ocean.

"It looks like he's having trouble!" Barbara exclaimed.

"That boy *is* trouble," I mumbled. I rattled on past Nixon, holding a steady forty-five miles an hour.

Barbara needn't have wrinkled her pretty sun-tanned forehead about Nixon having car trouble. She'd no sooner finished glancing back at him when here he came like a P-80. The cars were two abreast in the south-bound lane up ahead, but Nixon pulled clear over on the other half of the road, passing them all. An old coupé took to the ditch to avoid ramming him, the gray-haired driver wrestling with the wheel, white-faced, and his wife screeching. Barbara didn't like that

performance any more than I did, but didn't say anything. Her brown eyes were flashing, though, as they watched him—instead of being half excited-looking and half soft, as before.

That's the way it was all down the line—Nixon slowing down to a crawl, letting me pass him, then tearing past me like a wild man. Coming to a town, he thought it was fun to slip around to a side street, let me pass him, then—thinking I believed he was ahead of me—come roaring up from behind.

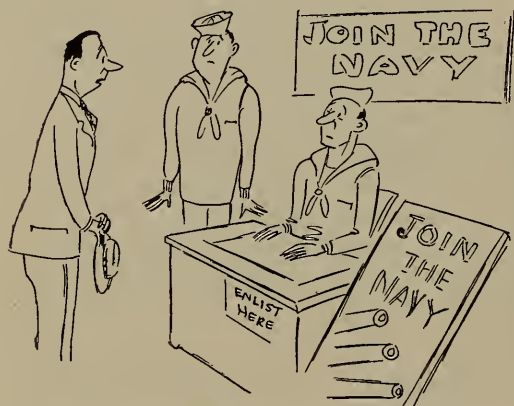
"Why don't you step on it a little?" Barbara asked me once. "You can give him a run for his money, anyway!"

"Nothing doing," I said. "That's what he wants me to do so he can make a monkey out of me with that low-altitude flying machine of his. Besides, the state speed limit is fifty-five. . . ."

"And besides," Barbara said in a slightly chilly manner, "you're a *very* cautious man."

Things weren't quite the same between Barbara and me for a while after that. I still saw her a couple of times a week, but things were different. I couldn't help feeling that she was weighing matters in her mind. She had just about decided she didn't want a husband as reckless as Nixon, but did she want to hook up with as safe and sane a master sergeant as I am when off duty?

And then my state bonus came through, and it was just what I needed to tip the scales in favor of a new car. She was a beauty, too—especially the motor: a valve-in-head straight eight; 135 horse-



I feel I must tell you—I can't even row.

power. I called up Barbara and told her about it.

"I don't know what good all that power will do you, Sarge," she said gently. "I don't suppose you'll ever drive it over fifty-five."

"That's right," I told her. "Not in this state. Not on the highway, anyhow. I'll bet she'll sure climb mountains, though."

"Sure should," Barbara said. "What's the interior like?"

"I'll bring it around," I said. And I did.

Something about what I'd said stuck in my mind all evening. "Not on the highway." That was it. Where, then, could I find out what that straight eight would do? On the beach? No. No long, straight, hard beaches around, such as Daytona Beach, in Florida. And what did I *care* what that straight eight would do?

Steve Nixon . . . speed . . . hot-rod jalopy . . . not on the highway . . . on the desert!

That was it! Hot-rod drivers, I knew, sometimes held speed matches on the desert up northeast of L. A. Steve Nixon liked speed—I'd give him some! I kept getting more excited about the idea as the hours went by. Barbara didn't ask what was on my mind, but she seemed to sense something of the sort. The atmosphere was better in general than it had been in weeks.

Next evening after all my little flock was tucked away in the barracks, I walked up the alley behind the house where Steve Nixon used to live with his ma. Steve was out there, putting oversize tires on the rear wheels of his car. "What'll she do?" I asked him real casually.

"A hundred and thirty," he said,

not looking up after glancing at me once. "Maybe 135 with these big wheels."

I stepped up and looked at the motor. "Looks like a stock V-8," I said.

"That's what it is."

"She won't touch 115."

"What'll you bet?" Steve Nixon was all of twenty-three years old, but he had some kiddish ways.

"I don't take money away from boys," I said. "Especially boys who are still supported by their mothers."

Nixon wiped his hands on a rag, shoved his hair back carefully, and looked at me. "I've been working," he said. "I've been working two nights a week, handling traffic at the Drive-In. I've got fifty bucks that says this baby'll top 115."

"Whose word am I going to take?" I asked him.

"You can pace me, if that shiny new go-cart of yours will go that fast."

"The speedometer reads that high," I said. "Whenever you're ready to lose that fifty bucks, let me know."

"Who's going to check your checking?" Nixon wanted to know.

"What do you mean?"

"I want somebody watching your speedometer besides you. Somebody honest." Nixon took off a bedroom slipper and dumped a pebble out of it, watching me all the while to see how I'd take that "somebody honest" business.

I didn't bite. "How about the professor?" I asked.

"Reet," Nixon said. "I'll let you know."

The professor is another unique character, but in a different way

from Nixon. A nice way. "Nature Boy in pince-nez glasses" is about as close as I can come to wrapping him up in a phrase. He is—or was—a physicist. He did big things back in the early forties. Had a hand in jet-assisted take-off, and also something to do with Oak Ridge. He took a notion one day that he wanted no more to do with what he called "uncivilization," and took to the beach. Built himself a driftwood house down south of the Destroyer Base and has lived there ever since, all by himself. He's no true recluse, though. Always has time for a chat and isn't averse to a little clean fun now and then.

I put quite a few miles on the new sedan during my next few liberties, breaking it in easy. It wasn't any time till the first thousand miles registered. Then one Saturday afternoon I took Barbara and her kid brother down to Rosarito Beach, in Mexico. Going south from Tijuana, you come to some hills, then a long stretch of straight, level highway. Out of the hills, I stepped on it a little. There wasn't a soul in sight, and if that part of the country had a speed limit, I'd never heard of it. Before the accelerator was half way down, the car was going eighty, and no strain. "She'll do it," I said.

"Do what?" Barbara asked.

"Run Steve Nixon's wheels off." I let up on the gas and coasted down to fifty.

"I want to be around when it happens," Barbara said.

Back north of the border, we drove out west of National City to see the professor. "It's a go!" he said when I'd given him the layout. "I'll do it!"

It wasn't a week after that when Nixon called me on the phone. "You got fifty bucks?" he asked.

"What do you think, smart boy?"

"I'm ready to take it off your hands," Nixon said.

"Same car?" I asked him.

"Same car. I've put a hood on it to cut down wind resistance."

"Kiss your dough good-by," I told him, "and name the time and place—a time when I'm off duty and a place where nobody'll get hurt."

"Up to Dry Lake," Nixon said. "Six o'clock the first Saturday morning you've got off."

"That's tomorrow."

I was up at 1:00 A.M. and drove down to get the professor. He came out in the foggy moonlight when he heard my car and climbed into the back seat without saying a word. Half way back to Dago I turned my head to see if he had gone back to sleep. He was sitting there as serene as a sphynx, smoothing his beard down over his chest. "This is no crazier'n anything else," he said. "Turn around and watch where you're driving."

Barbara was up and waiting. She came out and climbed into the car, not saying much either. The sky was getting light in the east when I swung to the right to miss Los Angeles. By that time I was beginning to feel a little queasy about the whole thing. My car was still new and tight, and two miles a minute is a terrific clip for any passenger car—except maybe a Duesenberg or a Jaguar or some special-built job—regardless of how high my speedometer was numbered.

We stopped for a cup of coffee.

Barbara must have read my thoughts. She reached across the booth-table and punched me gently on the jaw with her fist. "If you let that dude make a piker out of you," she said, frowning and smiling at the same time, "I'll never speak to you again." I was inclined to believe her.

I tried to smile, and probably looked like a jack-o-lantern doing it. "Have no fear," I said.

It was five-thirty when we pulled out onto the dry lake bed. Nixon wasn't there yet. With the sun coming up it didn't take me long to find where the hot-rodders from L. A. had marked a course on the hard, smooth ground. It stretched across the bare, table-flat lake bed for three miles or more, straight as a die.

"You're going to have a track-side seat," I told Barbara, "in an upholstered grandstand. Where do you want to be—at the halfway mark or the finish line?"

"At the finish line."

I drove down to the line and stopped. I took the rear cushion out of the car and put it on the ground, well back from the course. "Here's your opera box, Princess," I said. "We'll be seeing you."

"Do be careful," Barbara told me, and it seemed funny to hear her say it.

"I'm always careful," I told her.

The professor and I drove back to the kick-off point, the professor now in front with me. At five minutes to six a cloud of dust appeared. Half a minute later Nixon roared up. He jumped out of his car with a wad of greenbacks in his hand.

"There's nothing like being dra-

matic," I muttered as Nixon approached.

"Drama has its value," the professor said. Nixon pretended not to hear. Both he and I handed the professor our money.

"I want to be sure of the rules," the professor said. "Stop me if I'm wrong. Arnold, here" (pointing at me) "will attain a speed of 115 miles an hour. You" (pointing to Nixon) "will remain behind us until Arnold attains that speed. At that time Arnold will render two blasts on his horn. You will pass us if you can. Taking into account the generous error in most speedometers in passenger autos, you should not have to exceed the true designated speed to do so. Succeeding, you will win the hundred dollars I now hold. Failing, you will lose it to Arnold. Agreed?"

"Reet," Nixon said. Then, to me: "Which lane do you want?"

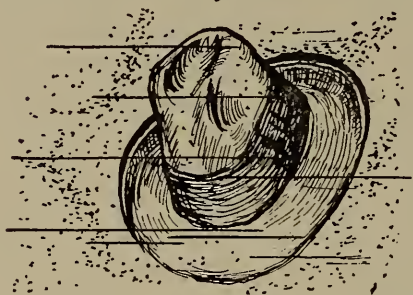
"I do my passing on the left," I told him. We took our places.

The professor leaned out the right front window of my car. "When I drop my hat," he said so both Nixon and I could hear him, "it will be the starting signal. First I shall count to three."

I glued my eyes on the professor's hat. "One," said the professor. "Two." A thousand thoughts went through my mind. As I say, I'm no speed demon and never pretended to be. I remembered too well that I'd never driven any 115 m.p.h. I'd never even ridden that fast. In fact, I'd never even *heard* of anybody going that fast in a four-door sedan like mine. Disliking Nixon—that was what had got me into such a silly position. That,

and the streamlined shape of my new car, and the big powerful motor, and the speedometer reading up to 120.

I saw Barbara sitting like a speck of dust on the desert far up ahead. I heard the exhaust rumbling from Nixon's exhaust pipes. My throat was dry as desert sand.



"Three," said the professor. His hat dropped out of sight down past the door. There was a roar from Nixon's car. I gave mine everything.

When I got into high gear I looked back through the mirror. There Nixon was, half a block behind. In no time I was doing ninety. After that, the speedometer needle didn't climb so fast. It seemed an hour before it touched the hundred mark. My heart went down through the cushion and hit the floor. A hundred was about all the car would do. I'd certainly miscalculated, that day on the Rosarito road.

I glanced into the mirror again. Nixon was in his old position, maybe fifty yards behind. I glanced ahead. The speck that had been Barbara was now a miniature woman hopping up and down on the sand and waving her arms. It was now or never. Maybe, oh, maybe, this was Nixon's top speed too. I gave two blasts on the horn.

Nixon wasn't in sight in the mir-

ror. There was a bellowing of noise on the right and a streak went by. Nixon's car shot ahead as if I'd been going backward. At the same moment I saw Barbara flick past the corner of my eye. The show was over.

When I'd slowed down and turned around, I drove back to get the seat cushion, and Barbara. Barbara was so mad she couldn't talk.

Nixon swung around and came back, holding his hand out for his money before he even stopped. The professor handed it to him, and Nixon roared off. Ten yards away he turned his head and gave me the raspberry. I tried to find something to throw at him but couldn't.

Barbara didn't say a word till after we'd had breakfast at a truck stop and got started again. "Well, he sure made a monkey out of you," she said then.

I couldn't think of any way to deny that.

But I got to thinking that afternoon that Nixon had seemed awful anxious not to spend any time near me, standing still—or moving, either. About dark that night I walked up the alley behind his mother's house. His car was standing there, with nobody around. I opened the hood, and there—instead of the stock V-8—was the ding-dangedest motor I ever saw. It had dual carburetors, a supercharger, ribbed aluminum cylinder heads—and, without all the extras, it would have developed twenty more horsepower than the other one! It was beyond me where Nixon had begged, borrowed, or stolen it, but he'd certainly switched motors on me.

I had an urge to hunt Nixon up

and punch his nose then and there, but I got to thinking about his ma and how upset she'd be. I drove down to see the professor.

The professor and I sat in his shack with his lantern on the floor between us. The soft yellow light was conducive to thought. "Nixon's actions were unethical," I said. "He probably would have passed me anyway, but his actions were unethical."

"Unethical, to say the least," the professor agreed. For a while we were silent. "Barbara loves you," the professor stated at last. "That's why she became so angry. A woman needs to see the man she loves *win!*"

I didn't answer.

"The age of chivalry isn't dead," the professor went on. "I wish I could spend a month in a machine shop."

"A good friend of mine runs a one-man garage out in Mission Beach," I told him. "It's not a regular machine shop, but he has plenty of tools."

"I should have complete privacy." The professor wiped his glasses.

"He'd probably let us wall off a corner with plywood."

"Good," the professor said. "Stop by to see me tomorrow. For the present, I must make some drawings."

For three weeks the professor clanked and rattled around in the booth that Jake Jester and I built him in the far corner of Jake's workshop. He carried an amazing amount of material into his cubby-hole but never brought anything out. And he never stepped outside for a moment without locking the

door. One day he called the instructors' room at the training center and left word for me to stop by and see him that night.

The professor was smiling widely through his beard as he opened the door. "I believe we are now ready to put Steve Nixon in his place," he said. "That is, if you're not afraid of rapid transportation."

"How rapid?"

"Oh, 150 miles an hour. Maybe 200, 250."

"What *in?*"

"Your car, of course."

"Professor!" I said. "Do you realize how fast the motor would be turning over at 150, to say nothing of 250?"

"It needn't be turning over at all," the professor said, "although there would be no harm in getting up to—say—seventy-five before cutting the motor and, ah, turning on the heat."

"My car's heavy enough to stay on the ground," I said, thinking hard.

"I'm sure it is. Can we feel assured that the wheels are well balanced, the steering gear nicely adjusted, all chrome-work securely fastened, your hood latch in good condition. . . .?"

"Uh-huh," I said. "Are you sure we're going to top 150?"

"Positive. I wish I were as sure that we'll stay below 300."

"Barbara should see that."

"Indeed she should."

"I doubt that she'll go up there with me again!"

"I'll wager that she'll go with *me*," the professor said.

I was still thinking. "I don't get it," I said. "Give me the low-down."

"I'm going to ask you to take my word on this," the professor said quietly. "See if you can fix it up with Nixon for sometime soon. Make the stakes high."

I got Nixon on the phone. He couldn't believe I was serious. "A race?" he kept asking.

"Right," I told him.

"You drivin' the same car?"

"Right."

"Boy," Nixon said, "you're a brute for punishment. What're you puttin' up?"

"My car against yours."

"I could use a big black sedan. Name the time and place."

"Same place," I told him. "Same time, tomorrow morning."

"Reet."

The professor smiled. "I shall have to ask you to leave your car with me tonight," he said, "with the baggage compartment unlocked. What I'm going to do can be undone after the race—a bit of arc welding, and so on. I hope you don't mind."

"Go right ahead, Prof," I said. "Just don't burn Jake's garage down. But I sure wish I knew. I'm staking a lot on this."

"You may place the utmost confidence in me," the professor said. "Now get some sleep."

The professor was outside the station gate at 1:00 A.M., with Barbara in my car beside him. He moved to the rear seat when I came out. The professor slept most of the way to the lake, and Barbara hardly opened her mouth. I was plenty nervous and don't mind saying so.

By five-thirty I was ready to get Barbara situated as before, on her seat-cushion grandstand three

miles down the line. "You had better sit farther back this time," the professor told her. "Ask Arnold to take you a quarter mile off the course, at least. We won't be dilly-dallying as we pass this point."

I did as the professor asked. Except for my holding the steering wheel, the show was in his hands. The professor and I drove back to the starting line and turned around. "Unlatch your trunk cover," the professor ordered, "but don't open it."

I did that and got back in. At five minutes to six Nixon roared up. He jumped out of his jalopy and came to the professor's window. He gabbed with the professor for a couple of minutes and got back into his car. The professor held his hat out the window.

"One," said the professor. "Two. *Three!*"

I was so excited I killed the engine. Nixon tore off, shooting dirt out from under the rear wheels of his car. I got the motor started and stepped on the gas. The professor reached under the front edge of the seat and brought up an electrical knife-switch with wires attached. He held the switch in his hand as I worked up speed. By the time I hit seventy, Nixon was almost out of sight.

"Step on the clutch pedal and hang on for life!" the professor yelled. He closed the knife-switch.

All I can say is that I hope I never go through anything like that again. There was a *whooom* from behind, and the speedometer needle hit the 120 mark then and there. I was cemented back against the seat cushion so hard I couldn't breathe. Our acceleration pulled

my head back in spite of anything I could do, and I had to look down my nose to drive, like a society matron passing a stockyard. And we just kept *on* gaining speed. By the time we passed Nixon, the speedometer needle was bending; and before we reached the place where I'd left Barbara, it had broken. Then the whooom from aft tapered off to a whistle, and the whistle to a wheeze. The wheeze died, and all there was then was the roar of the tires on the ground and the sound of the wind screeching past the car.

"Bravo!" the professor yelled. "Bravissimo!"

I straightened my neck out so that my vocal cords would work. "How's that?" I asked.

"We won! It was a success! We won!"

"I noticed," I told him. "And we'd better start thinking about coming to a halt. If I'm not mistaken, we're about to run out of smooth ground."

"Yes, yes, yes. Apply the brakes—but gently. Don't try any U-turns just yet!"

I did as the professor said, and within a mile I had her down to fifty or so. I started the motor, swung around, and headed back. For what looked like ten miles across the desert there was a line of smoke and dust such as I had never seen on land or sea. "Did we do all that?" I asked. I knew that we did, but it seemed impossible.

"Yes," said the professor. "We—and jato."

"Jato?" I was still a little dazed.

"Jet-assisted take-off. Special made." The professor smiled serenely, not at all surprised, ap-

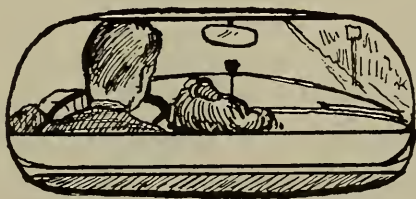
parently, that we were still alive. "Let's leave the luggage compartment open till jato cools a bit."

I drove on still shaking a little, going back parallel to the line of smoke and dust. After a while we could make out Nixon's car standing still on the desert. In another ten minutes we pulled up beside it. Nixon was sitting there with his chin on the steering wheel, not even looking at us. As soon as I stopped, the professor scurried around and closed the trunk cover. Barbara was walking toward us, getting close. She was looking at me and smiling. I could tell that the ice age was over.

The professor walked over to Nixon's car, and Nixon turned his head and looked at us as if he'd just discovered that we were there. "I'll have to ask you to step out now," the professor told him.

Nixon looked toward the rear of my car but didn't say anything. He saw me looking toward the hood of his. He took the ignition key out of his switch and held the key toward the professor. He swung one leg out of the jalopy. His face was a foot long, but I have to give him credit. He didn't try to welsh.

"Let him keep it," I told the professor. "I wouldn't drive the thing for love nor money. It looks downright dangerous to me."



THE END

Around the World Quiz

By Lenelle Marsh Kanthack

Take a quick trip with me around the world and answer these questions if you can.

1. Of what country is St. Patrick the patron saint? _____
2. By whom was the Koran written? _____
3. In what country is red hair most common? _____
4. What slave in early Greece is famous for his fables? _____
5. What is the smallest state in the world? _____
6. With what implement do the Chinese eat their food? _____
7. Where were Panama hats first made? _____
8. Who founded the Buddhist religion? _____
9. What famous Scottish author died in Samoa? _____
10. Why are Turkish towels so named? _____

(Answers on page 29)



Battle Notes

Did You Know—

That for every *single* year of peace (in the history of the world) there have been *ten* years of war?

That the British, during the Boer War, made military observations of the enemy by sending men aloft in huge kites?

That over 105,000 automobiles could be built from the steel that goes into the construction of just one U.S. battleship?

That a single tire on a B-36 superbomber contains enough nylon to make about 15,000 pairs of ladies' stockings?

That only one branch of our naval forces has taken active part in *all* of the eight major wars this country has fought (the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Mexican War, Civil War, Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II, and the present Korean War), and that this branch is the U.S. Marine Corps?

That General Dwight D. Eisenhower almost became a sailor instead of a soldier? (Before going to West Point he tried to enter the Naval Academy, but was turned down for being a few months over the age limit.)

—J. C. STACEY

P. O. Lingo

By Henry Allen Morris

If you happen to be around a big city post office and hear one of the men shout, "Tie out dis," don't think that he's a murderer of the English language.

For, like all big businesses, the postal service has a number of expressions all its own, and "Tie out dis" is one of them. It's a short cut for the mouth-filling phrase, "Tie out distant (out-of-town) mail for dispatch."

And if you should hear someone say, "Send those bums over here," it isn't the human kind he is asking for. He is just asking for large mail bags that contain about twenty empty mail sacks. "Bums" is a very appropriate name for these mail sacks, which haven't been washed since the year 1.

In the postal glossary "sheds" are loose stamps that have fallen off letters. A "dud" is a letter with an unreadable address. When a large amount of mail comes in to be boxed up, "the floor is buried." The opposite expression is "The floor's a ballroom," which means that the work is done.

The "Butcher Book" is the record kept of any registered letter found in the ordinary mail. A post office clerk who knows every street in his city and the station to which each belongs is a "city man." Clerks who specialize in deciphering illegible addresses and rerouting letters without addresses are "hard men."

A term much used by carriers is "end." This refers to a mail delivery by an auxiliary carrier to a small part of a route. A "floater" is a carrier who doesn't have his own route but helps on all of them. Mail for folks who have moved off a station, and which must be forwarded or returned, is known as the "beats."

There are about sixty words and phrases in the glossary of postal expressions, including "field man" (inspector), "temps" (temporary employees), "slugs" (large pieces of first-class mail), and "He's on his bike." This last refers to the special-delivery messengers, even though they no longer use bicycles to make their rounds.

One of the oddest terms in postal lingo—and one not universally used as yet—is "laundry." Originated by Brooklyn, New York, Postmaster Edward J. Quigley, the



*We lost the case on a technicality—
I was guilty.*

term is used to describe a labor-management meeting in which Quigley sits down with represen-

tatives of postal organizations and irons out any problems that come up.

America's First Unknown Soldier

by James L. Harte

FEW, IF ANY, AMERICANS are ignorant of the shrine that draws untold thousands of visitors each year to the Arlington National Cemetery. The shrine is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where rests in glory the symbol of our nation's dedication to a free world.

However, not far from this hallowed shrine is the tomb of another unknown soldier—a grave that is known to few Americans and seldom visited. This lies in the churchyard of the Old Presbyterian Meeting House in historic Alexandria, Virginia. It contains the remains of an unknown soldier of the Revolutionary War, our nation's *first* bid for freedom.

Alexandria was a hospitalization center during the Revolution, and the body of this early American hero is believed to be that of one who died while here hospitalized.

The body was originally buried in an ammunition box, a makeshift coffin for a hasty burial.

It lay forgotten until 1821, when excavators accidentally dug into it, identifying it by fragments of its uniform and by insignia not yet destroyed by time and the dank, cold earth.

Appropriate reburial was made, with a single line entered in the old church burial records of that year of 1821: "June 19—An old Revolutionary soldier from Kentucky." A blank space was left on the records to signify the long-gone, unknown date of actual death.

Once more the spot was forgotten, until 1928, when it was marked by the Alexandria American Legion. The following year a monument was placed over the grave by the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. The simple but beautiful marker, enclosed within the fenced-off, sacred bit of earth, reads:

Here lies a soldier of the Revolution whose identity is known but to God.

His was an idealism that recognized a Supreme Being, that planted religious liberty on our shores, that overthrew despotism, that established a people's government, that wrote a Constitution setting metes and bounds of delegated authority, that fixed a standard of value upon men above gold and lifted high the torch of civil liberty along the pathway of mankind.

In ourselves his soul exists as part of ours, his memory's mansion.

Teammates

By Harold Winerik

BIB HILLIGAN munched the last of the pie, sipped the remainder of the coffee, then leaned back and sighed contentedly. "Eddie," he murmured, addressing the lanky youth sitting across from him at the restaurant table, "that's the fifth time this month you've treated me to a steak dinner. You've taken me to two shows. You even bought me a meerschaum pipe for my birthday. Heck, you've got no reason to love me that much, kid. Why all the affection?"

Eddie Mitchell smiled. "I've got ulterior motives, Bib. I want you to do something for me."

Hilligan picked his teeth with a matchbook. "Naturally," he grunted. "What's the gimmick? You want me to make you a starting pitcher? That's out of my hands, kid. I'm only a scout. You'd better see the manager about that."

Mitchell tapped a cigarette on the table, then lit it, staring at the burning match until the flame neared his fingers. He shook the match out quickly, then looked at the older man. "It's not a favor for me, Bib. It's for another guy—a guy named Walter Harzy."

Hilligan scratched his nose thoughtfully. "Walter Harzy? There's a tag that sounds familiar."

"Yeah," Eddie said. "You probably heard of him. He pitches for Smathersville in the Southwestern Association."

Hilligan shook his head. "That's right. Smathersville."

The waitress was back with the check, Eddie paid the bill, and the men left the restaurant. "What makes you so interested in this Harzy?" Hilligan pressed as they walked leisurely along. "He your brother or something?"

Eddie wiped a stray tobacco particle from his lip. "Not my brother—but he could be for the way we were brought up. We lived next door to each other in a little town in Delaware when we were kids. We went to school together, fished together, and played ball together—but mostly we played ball together."

"After the games we'd lie on the grass in the field back of Crans-ton's Laundry, look up at the sky, and talk about the time we'd be major leaguers. Well, I made it, Bib—but Walter didn't."

Hilligan nodded knowingly. "Didn't have the stuff, eh?"

Eddie flipped his cigarette to the gutter. "Sure he has the stuff. Not



that I'm any Lefty Grove—but he's as good as I am. Better, in fact. He just got a tough break."

Bib chuckled mirthlessly. "Sure, sure. The minors are full of guys that got tough breaks."

"On the level," Eddie cut in. "You know the way baseball is: even the best players have their off days. A Gold Sox scout cased us two years ago when Walter and I were pitching a Sunday double-header in the Midlands League. I was lucky that day; I pitched a shutout. Walter wasn't so lucky—he was knocked out of the box in the fifth inning. I got a Gold Sox contract; Walter didn't."

They had reached the apartment house where Mitchell stayed when the Sox were at home. "So you want me to go out to Smathersville on my next trip and look Harzy over," Bib said.

Eddie grinned. "You catch on fast, Bib."

Before June was over, Hilligan went on a tour of the Southwest. He watched Harzy work two games in a week—and the boy did look good. One of his games was a three-hit shutout, the other a five-hitter which he won, 7-1. He had a foggy fast ball and a sharp-breaking curve, and Hilligan forwarded the information to George Quemby, Sox general manager, via long-distance phone.

"Send him up," Quemby instructed. "If he's good enough to stick with us now, fine. If not, we'll farm him out to a higher minor league."

When Walter reported to the Sox, he and Eddie had a back-slapping, hand-shaking, ardent re-

union. They went out to dinner together to celebrate, with lots of "Remember-whens," and "if-lys."

"Think of it," Walter enthused. "We'll be together again, just like when we played on the empty lots."

"And in high school," Eddie beamed.

"Those days together in the Midland League weren't so bad, either," Walter offered. "But," he added with some solemnity, "I don't even know if I'll stick with the Gold Sox yet. A guy needs plenty on the ball to click up here in the majors."

"Of course you'll make the Sox," Eddie assured him. "You always had more stuff than me, kid. If I could make 'em, you're a cinch. You just needed the chance."

On a warm morning in early July, Walter had his tryout at Sox Stadium. His fast ball was never faster, his curve never sharper. "You'll do," Manager Mickey Magnin announced in his laconic way.

Walter was elated—but no more than Mitchell. "You're going to live in the apartment house with me when we're at home," Eddie insisted. "And we'll room together on the road. Imagine, . . . pitchers together on the same team again. From Cranston's Laundry to Sox Stadium. Wow!"

At that precise time Manager Mickey Magnin and General Manager George Quemby were discussing team matters in the Sox business office. "This Harzy kid shapes up," Magnin was saying. "Too good to farm out. The race is getting hot, and we can use a kid with his stuff."

"Whatever you say," Quemby agreed. "We'll give him a Sox contract, but don't forget we already are carrying twenty-five players, the league maximum. We'll have to release somebody to the minors to make room for him. It's your baby, Mickey: name the victim."

Magnin stroked his cheek unhappily. "That's the tough part

about managing a team," he grunted. "The worst angle to the job." He studied the team roster, until he came to the pitchers. "Pick up a pitcher, let one go," he mumbled. He sighed tiredly. "Well, Quemby, we might as well put the ax to this guy Mitchell. He hasn't shown too much of late."

Answers to Around the World Quiz on page 24

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. Ireland | 5. Vatican City |
| 2. Mohammed | 6. Chopsticks |
| 3. Scotland | 7. Ecuador |
| 4. Aesop | 8. Gautama Siddhartha |
| 9. Robert Louis Stevenson | |
| 10. Extensively exported to Turkey for turbans | |



I Was Overleave Because . . .

by E. J. Jeffrey

THE LOT of the Navy mast officer is forever a thing of wonderment; situations are possible, plausible, ponderable. Here is a remarkable letter received by the executive officer of a ship and printed in the December, 1941, Bulletin of the Bureau of Navigation:

“Subject: Overleave—reason for.

“1. I left the ship on 10 days’ leave at my brother’s farm in Cobblersrock, Arkansas. On September 10th, my brother’s barn burned down, all except the brick silo which was damaged at the top by a bolt of lightning which started the fire.

“On September 11th, he decided to repair the silo right away, because he had to get his corn in it. I was going to help him. I rigged a barrel hoist as I had been taught to do by my division officer, to the top of the silo, so that the necessary bricks could be hoisted to the top of the silo where the repair work was going on. Then we hauled up several hundred bricks. This later turned out to be too many bricks. After my brother got all the brick work repaired, there was still a lot of brick at the top of the silo working platform which we had built. I said I would take it all down below. So I climbed down the ladder and hauled the barrel all the way up. Then I secured the line with sort of a slip knot so I could undo it easier later. Then I climbed back up the ladder and piled bricks

into the barrel until it was full.

“Then I climbed back down the ladder. Then I untied the line to let the brick down. However, I found that the barrel of brick was heavier than I was, and when the barrel started down, I started up. I thought of letting go, but by that time I was so far up I thought it would be safer to hang on. Half-way up, the barrel hit me on the shoulder pretty hard, but I still hung on as my division officer told me always to do when holding a line. I was going pretty fast at the top, and bumped my head hard. My finger also got pinched in the pulley block.

“At the same time, however, the barrel hit the ground and the bottom fell out of it, letting all the brick out. Since I was then heavier than the barrel, I started down again. I got burned on the leg by the other rope as I went down until I met the barrel again which went by faster than before and took the skin off my shins and hit me on the shoulder.

“I guess I landed pretty hard on the pile of bricks, because at that time I completely lost my presence of mind and let go of the line and the barrel came down pretty fast and hit me squarely on top of the head.

“2. The doctor couldn’t let me start back to the ship until September 16th, which made me two days overleave, which I don’t think is too much under the circumstances.”

UFP News

AT THE recently activated Moody Air Force Base in Valdosta, Georgia, the United Fellowship of Protestants has developed into an outstanding youth program. Chaplain Roscoe Ferguson gives much of the credit to the continuous cooperation of the youth groups of local churches and the warm welcome of Southern hospitality. These churches take their turn as guests of UFP.

A group of twenty-five to thirty young people, mostly Georgia peaches, are transported in a

Moody Air Force Base bus to the Airmen's Club, used each Thursday evening as a chapel annex. Several young married service couples attend regularly along with thirty to forty airmen stationed on the base. Most of the airmen attend in civilian clothes.

The young people from the local churches conduct a service of hymns, scripture lesson, prayers, and discussion based on the Study Outlines in *THE LINK*. The devotional service is often enriched by vocal solos and special readings.



Official USAF Photo

Friendship Circle—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds"



Official USAF Photo

The next part of the program is a religious film twenty to thirty minutes long, either secured from the Chaplains Film Service or purchased from local film distributors with nonappropriated funds. The carefully chosen film is the climax of the service and is deeply appreciated by all.

When the lights come on, the audience comes down to earth

again. The Wing Chaplain welcomes the guests, introduces new personnel and special visitors, and announces the beginning of the fellowship hour. Folk games and square dances are the most popular means of entertainment under the direction of Bob Rogers, a professional caller and recreational leader. The success of the fellowship hour depends much on skilled leadership. "Choose your partners and circle right," with the first on-rush of square-dance music, sets the program going with zest. There's a party spirit from the start.

After the hour of vigorous exercise guests and airmen hear the welcome call "Come and get it!" Cold drinks, coffee, doughnuts or cakes, and assorted "goodies" are served. Boy meets girl, the right kind of girl, and they promptly proceed to get better acquainted. The Protestant Chaplains' Fund provides the treats.

The last and final call is for the Friendship Circle. All join crossed hands and sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."



Official USAF Photo

Folk games and square dancing add to fellowship

UFP Study Outlines

My Job Now

Galatians 6:1-10

May 4

By M. J. Priestler

Aims for This Program

1. To help us appreciate the fact that military service is no interim in our life's journey.

2. To develop a philosophy of life that includes both our own choices and life's unavoidable responsibilities.

Background Material

INTRODUCTION

Consider the words of General Omar N. Bradley: "We have too many men of science, too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. . . . The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace, more about killing than we know about living."

The moral and spiritual resources of the New Testament must be drawn upon to set our life in proper focus. Our safety lies not in our ingenuity but in our integrity.

SCRIPTURE COMMENT

The Apostle Paul speaks to his friends in Galatia as a brother. "You are responsible for one another," he says. Life sometimes is confusing and chaotic. To accept

the unasked-for is difficult. Temptations are testing times. Burdens press upon us. Sometimes the spirit is weak. Still a man must stand firm, carrying his own weight, solving his own problems. And yet, when he is weak, afraid, and distraught, a man draws upon the strength, courage, and compassion of others.

Thus the dual injunction given to Christian friends, to bear one another's burdens and yet to bear one's own.

The strong are not to think of themselves too highly lest they be deceitful prigs.

God's world is a moral order that does business with each man and nation. The evil and the good are sounded out on his anvil.

To add it all up, Paul is saying that God never tears us away from life's responsibilities.

MILITARY SERVICE AND RESPONSIBILITY

Life is not lived in a vacuum. No Christian man or woman takes a holiday from responsibility! God has not left us friendless. God has not left history to run riot!

Let's apply some of these convictions to our present military service. We hear men say: "Wait till I get out of service, and then . . ."—as though life stands still in solemn pause while we commit

ourselves to military service. Some look with great disdain at the world emergencies that interrupt our careers or interfere with college, marriage, and a hundred and one other plans that we have tried to draw for ourselves. But is military service necessarily a great interim?

The daily chores, the lessons to be learned, the life to be lived during military service, may test our sense of responsibility to the utmost—to home and nation, to friend and enemy, to God and the world.

Working or studying side by side with strangers often leads to lasting friendships. Temptations come, and we need the strength of will and courage of others to help us follow the good. We are teachers of one another for good or for ill. God does not wait until tomorrow to work through us to renew the day. Our present tasks must be interpreted by his will.

Then, too, we must rid our minds of the false idea that duties and disciplines which seem to be thrust upon us are necessarily joyless. We must see that our experiences mean more than the daily "drudgery."

Our life and thought today are contributing to what? Discover a sense of purpose, even though at first it seems but a tiny thread.

At the same time we must constantly rebel against seeing ourselves as parts of a vast machine—cogs in the vast mill of fate. The Apostle Paul was declaring to the Galatians that God cares for his children as persons and has given them liberty of mind and will, not to use selfishly for their own glory, but to use in serving others: "for

Questions for Discussion

1. What kind of a person am I becoming during my employment in military service?

2. What opportunities present themselves wherein I can serve others?

3. How can I find Christian meaning in my present tasks? How can I turn some of this experience into genuine usefulness in preparation for my profession?

4. Have I stopped to ask myself: What does God want of me in this world crisis? Do I really believe that he has a will for my life?

5. Do my present attitudes about life and my daily actions square with my ideas about Christian living?

all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Galatians 5: 14).

Military service does not grant us a license to take a moral holiday. Life's demands are still with us—what we sow, we reap. Another way of expressing the same thing is to say that what we get out of life is measured by what we put into it.

We are deeply involved in serious work. Our skills are demanded. We use the same brain and hands and muscles that we have always used. And employing our best selves in the tasks at hand is preparation for tomorrow. This is no gaping chasm in our experience; it is full and running over with opportunities for service.

It's a sure-fire guess that the "hidden years in Nazareth" between the time when Jesus was a boy of twelve and a prophetic figure in Galilee were spent in the carpenter shop. Were these years meaningless? Did they form an empty interim before his ministry began? Listening to his preaching, his parables, his allusions to work and play and commonplace things, we perceive that he knew the strain of toil, the discipline of earning a living, the patience of waiting, and the slow, hard learning through experience. All these disciplined years prepared him for his God-given task.

Let us pray that God give us faith so to interpret our military service that we may use the day's gifts to become better servants of Jesus Christ.

Illustration

Dr. Charles A. Beard, dean of American historians, died a short while ago, at the age of seventy-three. He was the author of thirty books on history and politics. Someone said to him a few months before he died, "Could you put into one volume what you have written in thirty?"

He replied, "I could do better than that: I could put it in four sentences."

Here they are:

a) "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad with power."

b) "The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

c) "The bee fertilizes the flower it robs."

d) "When it is dark enough, you can see the stars."

Audio-visual Aids

Beyond Our Own (40 min.).—Story of a materialistically minded young lawyer who discovers that life service is an investment of supreme importance. RFA and denominational publishing houses. Rental, \$10.00.

Hymn

We bear the strain of earthly care,
But bear it not alone;
Beside us walks our brother Christ,
And makes our task His own.

Thro' din of market, whirl of wheels,
And thrust of driving trade,
We follow where the Master leads,
Serene and unafraid.

The common hopes that make us men
Were His in Galilee;
The tasks He gives are those He gave
Beside the restless sea.

Our brotherhood still rests in Him,
The Brother of us all,
And o'er the centuries still we hear
The Master's winsome call.

OZORA S. DAVIS

Did You Know—

THAT THIS COUNTRY has a "Railroad Navy"?

At the beginning of 1950 the railroads of the United States owned and operated 1,900 steamships, steamboats, tugboats, ferryboats, car floats, lighters, scows, hoisting derricks, and other marine equipment.

Make the Most of These Years

Matthew 5:13-20

May 11*

By M. J. Priester

Aims for This Program

1. To evaluate what our daily experiences are teaching us.

2. To measure the fruit of our years of military service in the light of Christian meaning and growth.

Background Material

SCRIPTURE COMMENT

The scripture passage is a portion of the well-known Sermon on the Mount. In this Sermon the portrait of a Christian is painted in brief words by the Master Teacher. His sensitive mind and heart drew from the experience of his own life committed to God to draw and color the life of a Christian disciple.

CHRIST'S EXAMPLE

When we think of the life of Jesus, we think immediately of the years of his ministry spent among the people of Galilee and Judaea. What other man ever crowded so much important living into a space of three years?

Tradition tells us that Jesus remained in his father's carpenter shop until he was thirty years of age. It is interesting to note that there are but two places in the New Testament where this work of Jesus' is mentioned (Matthew 13:55 and Mark 6:3).

Tradition may be quite correct in telling us that Joseph died while Jesus was still a young man. Be-

cause he was the eldest son, the task of supporting the family would have fallen upon his shoulders. Here was a responsibility that was his to fulfill. Many times he must have been eager to be rid of the work-a-day tasks that confronted him and to be about the matters of greater importance—to get on with his "career," to set about his task of preaching, teaching, and healing.

What did Jesus learn in the carpenter shop in Nazareth that was important to his ministry?

1. *People*.—He learned to know the folk of town and farm, to talk with strangers from afar and friends close by. He played a substantial role in the community; his was the life of an artisan. He must have shared the joys and sorrows of those who came to have work done. He must have meditated upon the weaknesses that led men and women into sin. He discussed the topics of the day, entered into the struggles of his people. He learned to love the people whose life he shared.

2. *Patience*.—Jesus came to know early what it meant to bear family and community responsibility. Such responsibility was not of his own choosing. But he did not chafe under it. Living, working, and learning, he interpreted God's plan for his life.

3. *Skill*.—Working hard to perfect a yoke for the farmer's oxen

or a table for a neighbor, Jesus must have found satisfaction in work well done.

4. *Religion.*—Jesus must have had the normal experience of a Jewish boy of his time. He took his part in the Sabbath observances, the religious festivals, and the teaching and prayers of the synagogue. He came to know and love the Law and the Prophets.

Out of these daily and weekly experiences came forth a man in the fullness of time who taught as never man taught and lived as never man lived.

OUR MILITARY NECESSITY

But what about our daily experiences? How can we redeem what sometimes we call the “trivial” in our daily life?

A responsibility is laid upon us to maintain a physically fit body. We were shocked at the beginning of World War II to discover the high percentage of rejectees because of physical unfitness.

At certain periods in our military service we have opportunities to choose and learn new skills or to perfect those we already have. Sometimes hobbies are begun that enlarge our interests and become avocations in later life. A hobby developed “just for fun” may have startling possibilities.

A man in a small city had devoted much of his professional career to a task that required a great deal of speaking before the public. A sudden illness left him unable to use his voice for anything except normal conversation. He turned his “fun” hobby of collecting stamps into a vocation and set up a small shop in the city.

In our daily experiences we are thrown together with many people. All people are interesting. They have something to teach us. We know so little about our fellow men. How can we appreciate one another unless we try to know and understand each other?

Even the wise, well-educated young man came to Jesus and asked: “Who is my neighbor?” (Luke 10:29).

Many of the problems of the world today exist because we shun opportunity to know, understand, and trust people who are not in our own little company. To understand is not necessarily to accept the other person’s way of life or thought. But how can we work together in “one world” unless we strive to know and love our brothers who inhabit it? We can appreciate differences when we ask ourselves

If all of my buddies were just like me,
What kind of a unit would my unit
be?

In the scripture reading above Jesus talks of the salt and the light of life. How is our life to maintain the saltiness and keep aflame the light unless we set ourselves to study the Scriptures, to pray, and to meditate upon our life in the light of God’s truth and love? Participating in serious discussions of the Christian way of life in this UFP, we find opportunity for growth. Worship in the chapel, private devotions, talks with the chaplain—all contribute to religious nurture.

We need to search for ourselves into the rich treasures of our faith in order to formulate for ourselves

what we believe and why. A child's conception of religion is good enough for a child, but a child's level of Christian knowledge and experience will never satisfy the adult.

In his book *Life's Meaning: The Why and How of Christian Living*, Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen recalls a discussion in a college fraternity house. The subject was the familiar one "Can we believe in God?" On the floor was seated an especially attractive lad, keen, alert, obviously dead in earnest. Finally, after a considerable silence, he blurted out with evident sincerity, "I'd give anything if I could believe in God. But I just can't!"

The leader of the discussion put three questions in quick succession: "How many hours have you spent in the past month trying to think your way through to belief in God?"

"Not one," came the answer.

"How many books have you read in the past year which could have thrown light on this problem for you?"

"Not one."

"How many people have you talked to who might have helped you find a way through some of your difficulties?"

"Not one."

Oh, yes! He would "give anything" if he could believe in God!

To be sure of God, we must think and read and talk about him. To be lights of life to people about us, we must stand in the light so that it may shine through us.

Questions for Discussion

1. List the many elements of your daily experiences that contribute to your mental, physical, and spiritual growth.

2. What experiences have you had that have already changed your attitude toward people of a different background and culture from your own?

3. What are some of the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount that apply directly to your daily contact with people?

4. When in a "tough spot" and facing a difficult situation, do you depend upon tricks, luck, and special favors of friends and officers?

5. What high experiences of prayer and worship have meant most to our Christian life?

6. Do you feel that constructive use of leisure time helps you make the most of these years?

Hymn

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallow'd is toil if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

GEORGE HERBERT
(Adapted by JOHN WESLEY)



Our minds are like parachutes—they function only when open.

After Military Service—What?

Matthew 25:14-30

May 18

By M. J. Priestler

Aims for This Program

1. To consider the meaning of "God's will for my life."
2. To recognize the broad meaning of the term "vocation."
3. To dedicate ourselves to Christian stewardship for all of life.

Background Material

After military service—what? This question is in the minds of many who do not intend to make military service a career.

To those who had not entered upon a chosen field of work before this period of military service began, the answer to the question will be the answer to the basic question "What shall I do with my life?"

To those who had begun their chosen careers, the answer may simply be to pick up the threads where they left off and go right on from there. For those same people the answer may be quite the opposite, also; for now may be the time to make the decision to enter some new field of work or line of service.

And finally, to those who had happily embarked upon their carefully chosen careers, the end of military service can mean the application of a greater maturity, a deeper understanding of people, a knowledge of the world's needs—all the growth that has occurred in these years—to the careers that were interrupted.

No matter which of these groups you belong to, it is the aim of this discussion to confront you with another question as you attempt to answer "After military service—what?"

WHAT HAS RELIGION TO DO WITH MY ANSWER?

In Matthew 6:10, a part of the most frequently uttered prayer that Christian people use, we find the familiar words "Thy will be done." We might very logically go on to add "... in my life." Each time we pray that God should use our lives to achieve the fulfillment of his will for the world, we admit his claim upon us.

This fact leads us straight to one of the basic beliefs of Protestantism—the belief that each one of us is an important individual in the sight of God. During the time of the Protestant Reformation, in the 1500's and 1600's, Christian people discovered again that each one of us lives his life in the light of God's steady view. This means that every person who professes the Christian faith, who serves God, is bound to do the best possible job with his whole life. This most certainly includes that major part of his time and energy which is devoted to his chosen vocation.

When the Reformation taught that God was intimately concerned about every man and his work, it followed that every man must then

do his work in the very best way that he could. It meant that man was working "as unto God" or "to the glory of God." Think what this must have meant to the people of that time! Most people had come to believe that priests, monks, nuns, and bishops were the only ones in whose vocational life God was vitally interested. With the coming of the new awareness of the importance of the individual before God, there came to every man the right to regard his life and work as a holy trust before God. And, as is always the case, the new right brought a new responsibility. Man should act as if he truly believed in his new position of importance by diligently trying to find God's will for his life and then going ahead to do that will.

WHAT DOES THE SCRIPTURE SAY ABOUT THIS RELATIONSHIP?

In Psalm 139 we find the words "Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me," establishing a personal bond between man and his God.

In Matthew 25:14-30 we find Jesus telling the story of the talents, pointing up the individual's responsibility to use whatever he has been given, great or small, to fullest advantage for the Master.

In Matthew 6:25-34 Jesus gives some very specific advice to each one of us, based upon the fact that God knows and cares for us.

In Matthew 10:30 there is again the emphasis upon the worth of the individual.

In Ephesians 4:1-16 Paul urges his readers to live a life that is "worthy of the calling to which you have been called" (R.S.V.).

In I Corinthians 10:31 there is the exhortation to do whatever you do "to the glory of God."

In I Corinthians 12:11 Paul, after listing the gifts of the Spirit, goes on to add that "all these are inspired by one and the same Spirit, who apportions to each one individually as he wills" (R.S.V.).

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN VOCATION?

The word "vocation" comes from a Latin word, *vocatio*, meaning "a calling," "a bidding to come," or "a summoning." Therefore the idea behind a Christian vocation is that God "calls" each of us to do his work through a certain vocational channel.

Unfortunately, the word vocation has lost for most people the idea of any call from God. It has come to mean merely the job that you do in order to earn money with which to buy your daily bread and pay your taxes! Is it any wonder that for so many people the hours they spend working are nothing but the block of time which they must somehow struggle through in order to be free to spend the remaining hours "really living"? If those working hours are filled with boredom, frustration, dissatisfaction, if they bring no feeling of achievement, will the whole life not be overshadowed?

We say that a man is "called to the Christian ministry"; his is a Christian vocation. But should we not also say that a man may be called by God to medicine, to a career in the social services, to an honest and worth-while business venture, to a job that serves the everyday needs of people—in fact, to any worthy vocation?

Truly God has a plan for each one of us. But we must first of all choose to find that plan and then to follow it. If we are truly looking for "God's plan" for what we shall do after military service, be assured that the plan will be one that will demand the use of our time, talents, money, energies—indeed, all that God has given us—to be used to his glory and to the good of our fellow men.

One of the most thrilling stories of a man who in this present day sought God's plan for his life is that of Albert Schweitzer. Certainly he is a man of no ordinary talents—philosopher, theologian, teacher, renowned musician, doctor, and, yes, missionary. God's plan led him to forsake all that modern standards call success, and the road he followed led him to Lambaréné in Africa, where today, at the rich age of over seventy-five, he is still working out the plan in his Forest Hospital. No doubt Albert Schweitzer could have followed any of the other careers open to him and have worked "to the glory of God." But he was willing to search for *the* plan, and to take upon himself the most difficult responsibilities, in response to the knowledge that he was important as an individual before God.

Audio-visual Aids

Cross Roads (30 min. sound).—Presents rather forcefully the story of Jim Barclay as he seeks the expression of God's will in his vocational life. Closes with the assumption that he will dedicate his life to the church in its ministry. Rental, \$10.00.

Questions for Discussion

1. Think of your present plans for your vocation after military service. How do they fit in with the idea of a Christian vocation?

2. In the present age of mass production, how can the idea of Christian vocation have real meaning to the man on the assembly line whose task it is to tighten bolt number 2 on the left side of machine "X" as it comes along?

3. What are some of the jobs that you think would have to be eliminated from a list of Christian vocations? Why?

4. Tell of any "vocational guidance" you have received which took into account the question of whether or not it was important that a chosen vocation be a Christian vocation.

Hymn

O Son of Man, Thou madest known
Thro' quiet work in shop and home,
The sacredness of common things,
The chance of life that each day
brings.

O Workman true, may we fulfill
In daily life Thy Father's will;
In duty's call Thy call we hear
To fuller life, thro' work sincere.

Thou Master Workman, grant us
grace

The challenge of our tasks to face;
By loyal scorn of second best,
By effort true, to meet each test.

And thus we pray in deed and word,
Thy kingdom come on earth, O Lord;
In work that gives effect to prayer,
Thy purpose for Thy world we share.

MILTON S. LITTLEFIELD
From *Hymns of the Christian Life*
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Great Causes That Call Us

Ephesians 4:1-16

May 25

By M. J. Priester

Aims for This Program

1. To determine a definite course of action in the light of our knowledge of God's will for our life.

2. To consider the kinds of vocations that could lead to the fulfillment through us of God's will for the world.

Background Material

THE SPIRIT OF OUR WORK

The spirit in which we work is as important as the work itself. No vocation is Christian that is not pursued with love. Kahlil Gibran expresses this thought beautifully in *The Prophet*:

Work is love made visible.

And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.

For if you bake bread with indifference, you bake a bitter bread that feeds but half man's hunger.

And if you grudge the crushing of the grapes, your grudge distils a poison in the wine.

And if you sing though as angels, and love not the singing, you muffle man's ears to the voices of the day and the voices of the night.¹

OUR BREADTH OF CHOICE

When the scribes came to Jesus and asked him which was the greatest commandment of all, he an-

swered them, saying (Mark 12: 29-31, R.S.V.):

"The first is, 'Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one; and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength.' The second is this, 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself.' There is no other commandment greater than these."

These are words that Jesus probably learned as a boy at his mother's knee. He heard them over and over again in his home. They became a part of his natural expression of man's primary duties.

In the light of these commandments, it is interesting to read the New Testament with an eye to seeing how many teachings of Jesus deal specifically with man's relationship to God and how many are guides to man's relationship to his fellow man. From the number of times that human relationships are mentioned, we can be sure that Jesus was well aware of man's difficulties in getting along with other men. Those troubles created world problems and family problems in Jesus' day just as they do for us.

Many of the very same difficulties have come down to us unsolved. They open to us opportunities for Christian vocations that are as wide as the mercy and love of God, as varied as man himself, and important enough to be

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the concern of Jesus in his earthly ministry. Christian vocations do not *limit* the field of choice; they open up the whole world and all its problems to anyone who is willing to place himself in the hand of God.

Henry Drummond has said:

The great reason possibly why so few have thought of taking God into their career is that so few have really taken God into their life. It requires a well-kept life to know the will of God, and none but the Christlike in character can know the Christlike in career.

In every major area of life there are crying needs to be met and problems to be solved—great causes worth living for as well as worth dying for!

CHURCH VOCATIONS

The church today realizes that if it is to do its work most effectively it must demand the very best kind of leadership. Every thoughtful Christian must face the question "Does God call me to a church vocation?"

If you answer this question in the affirmative, there lie before you the varied tasks of the ministry; the challenge of the mission adventure in America and in many foreign lands where you may be teacher, agriculturist, medical doctor, engineer, evangelist, or countless other things.

POLITICS

The people of our country seem to be coming awake to some of the perils that threaten to destroy, without guns or bombs, those things we hold precious in our heritage as a democratic nation.

Questions for Discussion

1. What jobs do you think most need to be done in the world today?

2. What other areas of world need can you add to the list begun in the background material?

3. What are some practical applications of the idea Kahlil Gibran presents when he says that the spirit in which work is done is as important as the work itself?

4. How can a small-town businessman help to solve some of the basic problems of his fellow men?

5. As you think of your own abilities, where in all the areas of the world's needs does it seem that God may be calling you to serve?

The call is for more honesty in politics, a greater sense of responsibility to the task of government, more wisdom in our dealings with other nations. Politics may be your Christian vocation.

In 1947 Mr. Jerry Voorhis completed ten years of service in the Congress of the United States as a representative from California. Mr. Voorhis sought his position as a Christian citizen and tried to keep uppermost in his political career the interest of the people. He felt that he had been elected to serve their best interests. He is an active churchman and a member of the Division of Church Life and Work of the National Council of Churches. In his recent book *The Christian in Politics*, Mr. Voorhis

puts emphasis upon the fact that the Christian should serve with and for his fellow men in the cause of local, state, national, and world betterment. Here is a man who answered a call to a great cause that still calls those whose God-given talents equip them to be of service in this field.

ECONOMICS

Many times it has been said that "it is hard to teach a man to love his brother on an empty stomach." It is difficult for those of us who possess so much to understand how other peoples feel toward us, when they have so little.

Has military service given you a chance to see at first hand what it means to have little children suffering from disease and starvation, certainly through no fault of their own? Have you been in countries where old people were pushed aside to die because there was not enough food or medicine to go around? If so, are you any better able to understand the fears, frustrations, and anger of parents of the starving children or of sons and daughters of the old people?

In our own country Dr. George Washington Carver undertook to solve some of these problems for his people in the South. His dream—or his call—led him, through difficulties that would have discouraged many people, to a teaching position in Tuskegee Institute. At great material sacrifice he spent hours in his laboratory trying to find out what there was in the peanut and the sweet potato that could mean some degree of freedom for an impoverished South.

President Truman's "Point Four

Program" has thrilling stories to its credit. Stories of how one man in a famine-ridden section of India taught a few simple skills to the native farmers, and the yield of the wheat crop in that district was doubled. If hunger is one of communism's allies, does the field of Christian economics not present great causes that call those who love their neighbors as themselves?

In Matthew 25: 31-46 read what Jesus said to his disciples.

EDUCATION

Frank C. Laubach has been called the greatest foe of illiteracy that the world has ever known. In 1915 he went to the Philippine Islands to teach the people how to read and write. Using his unique methods, Dr. Laubach can teach people to read in a very brief period of time. Great material profit could come to this well-educated and able man, but his call takes him among the illiterate people of the world to bring light to their darkness.

Audio-visual Aids

Finding Your Life Work (20 min. sound).—Lifts up essential principles to be considered in a choice of vocation. Accompanied by printed guide. Rental, \$4.00.

A Job for Bob (30 min. sound).—Deals with the problems of a young man who, out of high school and eager for marriage, finds that the job he wants is unattainable. It tells how he came to select a job in line with his abilities, giving him a chance to express his personality and to be creatively Christian in his vocation. Rental, \$8.00.

Recreational Activities

By MAURICE D. BONE

PLAY should be *inclusive* rather than exclusive. It is better to include everyone than to leave folks out.

A NEW "MUSICAL CHAIRS."—The old game of "Musical Chairs" (or "Going to Jerusalem") was good for the winners, but the person that lost out early in the game was left out until a new game began.

Some groups have made a new game out of it which keeps everyone interested and helps folks get acquainted too. Each person places his chair in the circle with the back of the chair to the center. The first person left out when the music stops then sits down on one of the chairs in the circle. He gives the others his name. Let us say it is Bill. Now as the rest of the group march around, each one says "Hello, Bill" as he passes. Each additional "loser" takes his place in the circle and is also greeted by name.

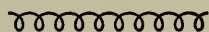
A NEW "DODGE BALL."—In a similar way the familiar game of "Dodge Ball" is now varied so that it uses the same skills yet keeps everyone in the game. The players are divided into two teams and each assigned a court facing each other. Now a member of Team A goes into a zone behind Team B. Likewise a member of Team B goes into the zone behind Team A.

Now Team A is given a volley ball. The game proceeds like Dodge

Ball. Each player touched by the ball goes into the end zone with his teammate. Any player may catch the ball and throw it at an opponent in the center court. The first team to clear the court into the end zone wins.

DESCRIPTIVE INITIALS.—See at everyone in a circle. Ask each player to introduce to the group the person on his right and describe that person with words starting with his initials. For example, "On my right is Amelia Printly, who is awfully pretty." "On my right is Vern Rainey, who is very ram-bunctious."

CORKSCREW RELAY.—This game depends on the movement of the feet. It is, exactly as the name implies, a corkscrew turn of the body. It may be explained this way: left foot forward, right foot around the back of the left foot, left foot around the right foot, right foot around the left foot, etc. It is best to practice this with the group several minutes before playing it. Do not set the goal too far away.



A businessman thought his staff rather lazy and inclined to overstay lunch hours, so he pinned up the following notice on the bulletin board:

"Bread is the staff of life, but that is no reason the life of our staff should be one continual loaf."



Elizabeth Sadler ("Typhoon Amy Hits Cebu," page 1), who last month contributed "Cherry-Blossom Time in Japan," takes you this month to a southern island of the Philippines. She has formerly written for the *Birmingham News-Age-Herald*, the *New England Quarterly*, and the *Pacific Stars and Stripes*.

★

Winona Nichols ("The Educated Horse," page 9) started writing in high school and has never stopped for any length of time. So far she has had stories and articles published in twenty different magazines and newspapers. She writes that "The Educated Horse" is based on fact. Her grandfather bought such a nag when her brothers and she were young.

★

Mayme Hollensworth ("The Wonder State of Arkansas," page 13) was born in Arkansas and has spent her entire life there with the exception of two years as a student in Cottey College in Missouri. Her husband is a member of the Arkansas House of Representatives. She is a correspondent for three newspapers and the Associated Press.

★

H. O. Austin ("Jalopy Dust," page 15) is an *All Hands* staff writer. Deep-sea diving was his primary job in the Navy for about ten years. You have probably seen

his writing in *THE LINK* before ("Three Wise Guys"—December 1950).

★

Henry Allen Morris ("P. O. Lingo," page 25) is really an old-timer to *LINK* readers. In January he wrote a sports article about Walter Johnson, and in March his subject was Clyde Beatty and his big cats. This month he switches from biographies to an explanation of life in a big city post office.

★

James L. Harte ("America's First Unknown Soldier," page 26) often writes under the name Mat Rand or Cliff Campbell or J. H. Loring or Jay Aitch. In the February issue he told of the doubtful treasure of Captain Kidd. Before free-lancing, Mr. Harte worked with the *Washington Post*.

★

Harold Winerip ("Team-mates," page 27) is a veteran of three and a half years of wartime service. He took part in two D-Day landings and was authorized assorted battle stars and ribbons. Usually Mr. Winerip writes about service people, but this month he turns to baseball.

★

E. J. Jeffrey ("I Was Over-leave Because . . .," page 30) is a chief journalist in the Navy. After "boot" training at Newport, Rhode Island, he stayed on to be editor of the Training Station School's *Log*. Jeffrey served on the U.S.S. "Quick" during North African, Sicilian, and Italian campaigns and North Atlantic convoy duty. He is now serving as a staff writer on *All Hands* magazine and as editor of the *Navy Chaplains' Bulletin*.

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
(Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society)

THEME: How Christians Lived

1. Equal Before God	Acts 10:34-48
2. Saved by Words	Acts 11
3. Saved by Prayer	Acts 12
4. Saved by Christ	Acts 13:1-37
5. Saved by Holiness	Acts 13:38-52
6. Hero Worship	Acts 14
7. In Conference	Acts 15
8. Hands Across the Sea	Acts 16:1-15
9. From Beating to Baptism	Acts 16:16-40
10. Stirred Up	Acts 17:1-15
11. Great Preaching	Acts 17:16-34
12. Different Viewpoints	Acts 18
13. Magicians	Acts 19:1-20
14. A Religious Riot	Acts 19:21-41
15. On the High Seas	Acts 20:1-16
16. Brothers Together	Acts 20:17-38
17. Mobbed in Church	Acts 21
18. Kill the Enthusiast!	Acts 22
19. Up for Trial	Acts 23
20. A Christian's Belief	Acts 24
21. Caesar in the Picture	Acts 25
22. A Christian's Story	Acts 26
23. Dangerous Sailing	Acts 27:1-26
24. Shipwreck	Acts 27:27-44
25. Survivors	Acts 28
26. Unity in Diversity	I Corinthians 12
27. A Holy Nation	I Peter 2
28. Husbands and Wives	I Peter 3
29. Unity in Suffering	I Peter 4
30. God Wills It	I Peter 5
31. What Lasts	I Peter 1



Meek voice over the telephone: "Doctor, this is Mr. Henpeck. My wife just dislocated her jaw. If you are out this way next week or the week after, you might drop in and see her."

A man who was fond of playing practical jokes, sent a friend a telegram, charges collect, which read: "I am perfectly well."

About a week later, the joker received a heavy package on which he was required to pay very considerable charges. Opening it he found a big concrete block on which was pasted this message: "This is the weight your telegram lifted from my mind."

—Kraftsman

DEAR MA:

Here you spend twenty years trying to teach me to get up early in the morning, hang up my clothes, shine my shoes, eat sensible food, go to bed early. Now I get into the Navy and learn the whole thing in two weeks.

Love,

MACK

—Peninsular Light

At the age of seventy-five there are 18 per cent more women than men. But, as we heard a man say, "At seventy-five who cares?"

A deer hunter arrived for his first season at a Wisconsin lodge and began unpacking his large assortment of carefully selected equipment. Attached to one of the guns was a drawing of a deer and below it a message from his wife: "Here's what one looks like."

An exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one influential member owned only a female dog and she was allowed to run with the pack.

The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour, then lost them completely. One hunter saw a farmer in a field and questioned him:

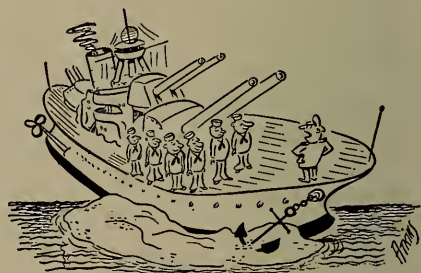
"Have you seen anything of a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure, just a minute ago. They were going thata way."

"What were they doing?"

"Running like the devil," said the farmer, "and the last I seen, a she dog was out in front and the fox was running fifth."

—The Idea



The next gob who says to me "Long time no sea" will be put in the brig for eternity, then taken out and shot at sunrise.

MOTHER'S DAY CARDS



The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

—Joaquin Miller





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